

The Extreme Sheep - Luke 15:1-10 (Monarto and Christ Church [not Holy Cross] 11/09/22)

Have you ever seen a sad sheep?

Have you ever seen a sheep full of joy?

I know what you're thinking - we all look the same.

Believe it or not you're looking at a sheep full of joy.

Now I'm not particularly joyful because of the way I feel – I'm joyfull because my Shepherd convinces me that I'm joyful.

It's a tough job for him but somehow he convinces me – even on my worst days I have joy inside.

My name is Shorn.

You should see my mob – There's my Good Shepherd and his mates – they're all dags – they're always happy and full of joy.

And there's 100 of us Xbreeds

The Shepherd and his mates are always celebrating and they say it's all because of me.

There a weird mob – what do you think?

I like pushing the boundaries – often I get lost.

But as sure as eggs my Shepherd always finds me.

It really annoys me because I'm an extreme sheep.

I live life on the edge.

I like it out there with the dingoes and dogs – it's an adventure.

A wise old shearer told me that, *"a sheep on the mountain is higher than a bull on the plain"*.

I'm not sure what he meant by that.

But as I was saying I like it on the edge – I don't mind getting lost.

I'm not sheepish.

The thing is my Shepherd always finds and drags me back to the camp – back to eat and drink – back to celebrate.

Sometimes I wish he would just leave me alone – what do you think?

When he comes looking for me I don't make it easy.

I pull the wool over his eyes.

Once I hid in a dark corner - perfectly still like a lost coin.

But he looked and looked until he found me.

And Yes! He dragged me home – another meal another celebration.

I just can't stop him; I think he likes me – What do you think?

A wise old shearer once told me, *"you can shear a sheep a hundred times but you can only skin him once"*.

I'm not sure what he meant by that.

Anyway I decided I was going to let my wool down and have bit of fun.

I found a hole in the fence and ran away - It was scary – but I liked it.

Wild dogs everywhere.

A wise old shearer once told me, *“It's better to be a lion for a day than a sheep all your life”*.

I'm not sure what he meant by that.

I went miles from home.

I wanted to test him.

I thought I'll see how “good” this “good” Shepherd is.

It was sheer delight.

Sure enough I saw him looking for me – I reckon he saw me – I swear he saw me.

But he went the other way.

I tell you I was stuck out there for days.

I couldn't move!

Terrified! Starving!

I remembered what a wise old shearer once told me:

“They don't kill Dingos because their Dingos – they kill them because they eat sheep”

I'm not sure what he meant by that.

I was starting to get really, really, worried.

I thought I was a gonna.

I was really scared.

I thought to myself, “that's typical – just when I need him to find me he's turned his back on me”.

I prayed – I really prayed – and he still didn't come.

No kidding after a couple of weeks I was at the end of my Tether (well only town sheep are on a tether but you know what I mean).

I'd had enough – I took back all the good things I had said about him.

I cursed him - I called him a hobby farmer.

I said – that's it – it's all over – we're finished.

And you wouldn't believe it - just when I said that I'm finished with him, he came.

I didn't care what I'd said – I ran flat out to see him.

I was so glad to see him.

You know how it goes – back to the camp – another celebration – more joy.

I wondered why he didn't find me that time – I'm sure he saw me.

I promised him that I would never go off like that again – that's a good promise what do you think?

So much for that promise the next day I wandered off with some of the mob.

I acted like a real sheep and followed along – “after ewe” I said.

We went to a place where sheep are not supposed to go.

It's as simple as that – you just don't go there –

I knew that - we knew that.

I can't even tell you about it – I'm ashamed.

I want to keep it to myself.

Believe me it's not a good place – but he still came and found me – he found me in that place.

The thing is, when he found me, I knew darn well I shouldn't have been there.

I was embarrassed that he saw me in that place.

He saw me at my worst. He was disappointed.

I thought he was going to zap me with his prodder.

But he said nothing – nothing - just led me back to the others.

I wasn't game to struggle this time – in fact I wanted to go back.

I wanted to say sorry to him.

I waited until the meal and he listened to me – it was strange – despite what I had done – it seemed as though we were one - and then everyone celebrated.

I thought to myself why are they celebrating don't they realise what I did today.

That meal tasted so good.

Some times I just want to be near him and hear his voice. What do you think?

That mob they're always rejoicing – rejoicing, rejoicing.

I'm not one of those hoof waving types.

It gets a bit much – I wish they would knock it off a bit.

And they say they do it all for me – it's embarrassing.

When I'm copping all this stuff I think of my mates.

Why me? – There are 99 others in my mob.

You know I said to him once; "why don't you go and get one them for a change and leave me alone?"

He said, He can't get them – He said that the others reckon they have no need to come back – they reckon they have made themselves right – they have no need of me.

Well that raised a few doubts with me.

Took me a while to get over that.

I can't help thinking "why am I so privileged?"

I'm really worried about the 99 - what do you think?

Why does he do all this for me – I'm no goody four shoes.

I worked it out – it's just the way he is.

Nothing makes sense.

It's his nature – he can't do anything else.

In fact if he was to do anything else but love me he wouldn't be who he is.

He's different – every time he drags me back he shows everyone who he is and what he's like.

I don't know about you but I think he would die for me – it's his nature – what do you think?

You know there is this other “shepherd”.

A wise old shearer once told me – *watch out for wolves in sheep's clothing*”.

I'm not sure what he meant by that.

We don't like this other “shepherd” - he wears Ugg Boots – I think he's a fake.

He caught a whole mob of us on the wrong side of the fence – he could see all the trouble we had caused.

He said he would look after us and give us better grass.

He rounded us up and shoved us on the truck.

We hate the truck- we've seen it before - it takes sheep away and they never come back.

We're really scared of the truck.

We were shoved on, no choice at all – it was the end as far as I was concerned.

We were like lambs to the slaughter.

But you'll never believe it, just as the truck was about to go, the door opened – and we were shoved off the truck. I ran like mad.

I jumped over things that weren't even there.

When I was far enough away I looked back to see what was going on.

You'll never believe it.

I saw my Good Shepherd on the back of the truck – He was there - right there where I was just before.

He was looking at me between the rails – he was silent.

The big door shut and took him away.

I thought why him? Why him? He's a good shepherd.

The truck took him away and I never saw him again.

Something happened on that truck – I think he saved my life – what do you think?

It's true I never saw him again but that doesn't matter.

I know he's still around I can hear his voice.

I hear him calling me back - Back to the meal and back to the celebration.

Yeah we talk lot about him - but better still we hear his voice.

One thing he tells me especially that is to go and tell the 99 about what happened on the truck.

It's funny how he thinks the 99 are lost – they're righteous – they have no need of him – Ha!

I don't know of anyone who doesn't need a Good Shepherd – what do you think.

You know he still finds me – I still feel his love - we still eat and drink together.

I'm still one with him – that's my Joy – what do you think?